

FEBRUARY 1974

# youth

MAGAZINE

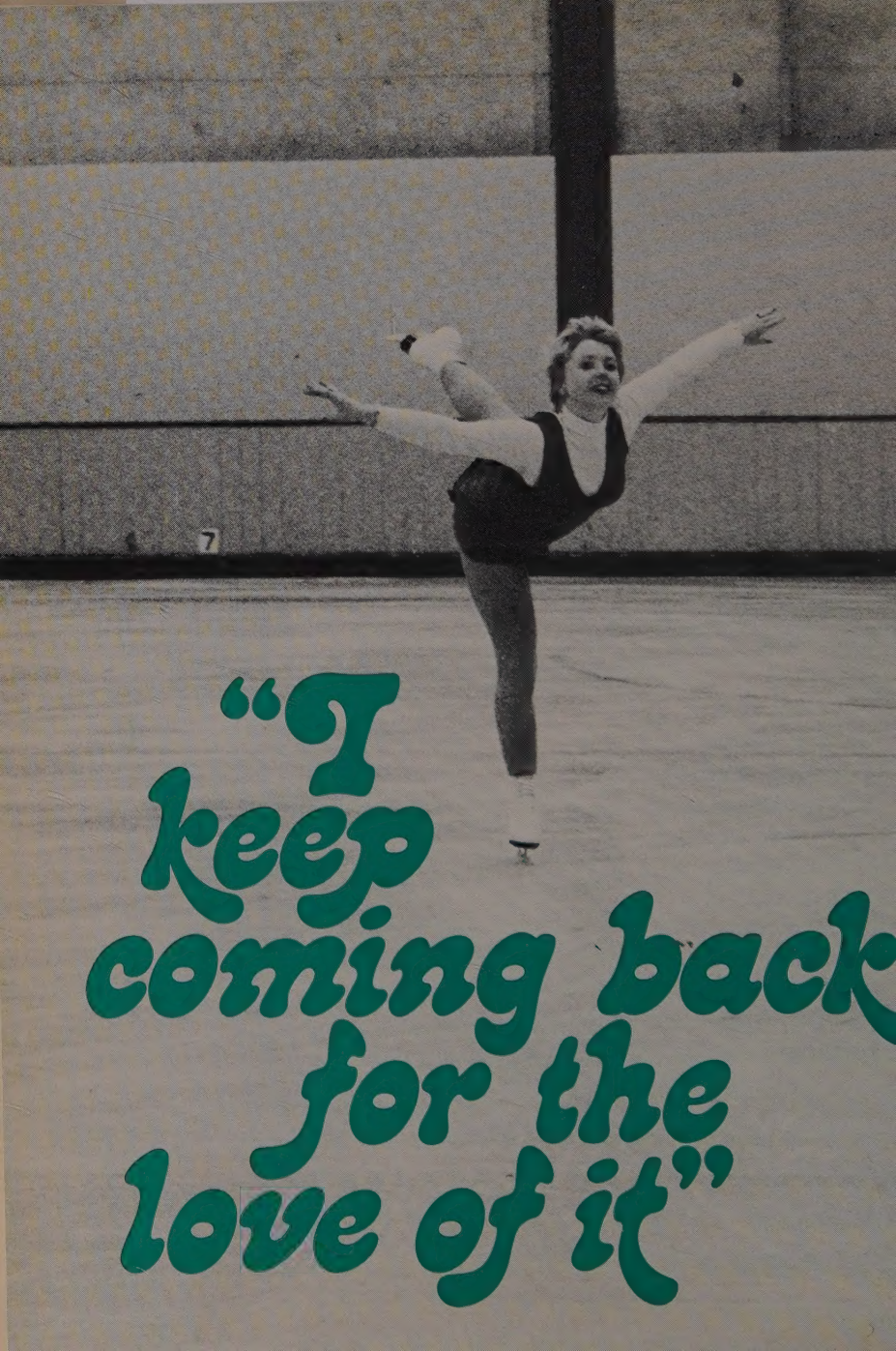
Canada's Karen  
Magnussen skates  
to stardom

Like his father,  
Arlo Guthrie  
philosophizes

Readers write in  
the 101st idea ...  
and more!







*"I  
keep  
coming back  
for the  
love of it"*





KAREN MAGNUSSEN,  
WORLD  
FIGURE-SKATING  
CHAMPION OF 1973,  
NOW STARS  
IN THE ICE CAPADES

BY MICHAEL MERCER  
PHOTOS BY  
ANDREE ABECASSIS

Since Karen Magnussen first distinguished herself from the rank and file of aspiring figure skaters, the image-conscious world press quickly took her to their hearts as the living embodiment of amateur athletics. It seemed right somehow—sweet, unaffected Karen, the little girl with the big hopes. In February of 1973, when she became the figure-skating champion of the world after six unsuccessful bids for the title, it seemed right too. It was the triumph of meaningful effort in a world increasingly given to unreason, frustration and violence. Now, at the height of her amateur career, 21-

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Michael Mercer is a Canadian journalist from Vancouver, British Columbia. Andree Abecassis is a free-lance photographer from New York City.

year-old Karen has taken the next step and turned professional with the signing of an impressive three-year, \$300,000 contract with Metro-media's Ice Capades Inc. Inevitably, the long-standing image of the "nice girl from our neighborhood" has begun to pale in the light of stardom. Whatever else Karen Magnussen might be, she is far from average.

I visited Karen at her parent's West Vancouver home four days prior to her departure for Hollywood and the beginning of her stint with the Ice Capades. A few travel-worn suitcases stood ready in the hall, but they were the only sign that something was about to happen. Karen seemed quite undisturbed by the inevitable problems of last-minute preparations—not surprising for a girl who has done as many as 25 major European cities on a single season tour of the amateur circuit.

"Would you like a coffee or





## youth magazine

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Cover photos by Andree Abecassis

something?" she asked me cheerfully. I was delighted. While she was preparing it, I asked her if she was conscious of having a public image. She returned from the kitchen with a puzzled expression.

"Yes," she said after a thoughtful pause. "Yes, there has been an image developing over the last three or four years." Then she vanished again and reappeared several minutes later with a tray of crockery.

"I don't like an article about me that's all syrupy and gushy, because I'm not a syrupy and gushy person. I'm just me doing my thing—skating. And enjoying what I'm doing, just like anybody else. Enjoying life."

"I first became involved when I was about seven years old. My mother took me to a public skating session. I enjoyed it and kept asking to go back for more. Then I was in a club carnival—that was my first big role. I was a snowflake.





"You can learn twice as much from a championship you've lost than from one you've won."

*Skating trophies cover Karen's bedroom wall in her home in West Vancouver. Not shown are Olympic mementos.*

*Karen's dad has always been supportive.*

"After that, I won a club competition, and things just started to snowball. In 1965 I went into my first Junior Canadian Championship. At that time the East Coast [Canada] was predominant in skating. There had never really been any skaters from the West—none, that is, that were any good. All of a sudden this little squirt of 12 comes up and beats all these 18- and 19-year-olds. It was really a shock to everybody, including me. I was just out there skating to the breeze and having a great time. There were no tensions at all, and it was my first year in championship skating!"

Karen registered an ingenuous delight in the memory; and like many people talking about their pasts, she seemed to be speaking about another person.

"I really didn't put that much time into skating until I was about ten or 11. Then I was putting any-

where from four to five hours a day into it. Last year, preparing for the World Championships, I was doing ten hours a day—summer and winter. *That*, particularly, was a heavy load; I was going to a university at the same time. But it was really worth it. It sure worked out.

"It hasn't been an easy road at all. I've had a lot of downfalls, and I haven't gotten many breaks. But because of this, I think it's made me appreciate what I have achieved. I think this is a better way to have it. It's been a more interesting career, because it has been hard."

She paused thoughtfully over this and sipped on her coffee. I asked her how radically her skating career had affected what might be called a "normal" childhood.

"Not at all. I've always had friends outside my skating, and I've always chosen to stay in school. I think one balances out the other . . .

disciplines the other. And of course skating has been a fabulous education for me. I've been traveling to countries and have the time to roam around them freely. It's been great. I mean, I've never been deprived.

"Of course, there are sacrifices you have to make. You can't go to all the parties you want to, and you have to miss a lot of girlfriends' weddings.

"You know, there are things you sort of grit your teeth at; but these are the things that happen. You just shrug your shoulders and think: 'well, maybe the next one.' You don't dwell on the fact that you can't do this or you can't do that, because there are so many rewards that you can get from skating."

Karen had said that her climb to the top had been "a hard road," and yet her description of her first championship had conjured up the image of an effortless victory. What obstacles developed later?

"The worst came later. You know, you're told when you're young that the best always win. You've gone out there and skated the best . . . and even so, something blows the whole thing. Sometimes through politics you just don't win, and there's nothing you can do about it.

"It's very hard when the human factor is involved. Everyone has his or her own opinion. I wouldn't want to be a judge in world competition. They had 29 girls to judge last year, and that's a lot to judge if you haven't seen them working before.

"They often get confused. I had one judge who came up to me once, almost in tears. It was her first time judging a world championship, and she had placed me second on one of the figures. She had me first in the end result, but after the competition she came up to me. She really felt badly and kept apologizing.

"I'm a patient person. It takes a lot for me to get angry, and I guess I forgive easily. If things are going to happen, there's really nothing you can do about it. I've just made sure that I've learned something from it all. You can learn twice as much from a championship that you've lost, as from one that you've won. If you've lost, it means there's been an error—with you, or with someone else."

Karen Magnussen had a difficult year in 1969, for it was in that year that she was forced out of competition because of an injury. This major set-back and a spectacular return to the ice the following year combined to provide two new elements in the Magnussen image: courage and determination. I asked her about it.

"It happened the Sunday before the World Championship started. All of a sudden during practice I got horrible pains in my shins. It was like someone had a hatchet and was smashing away at my legs. So they rushed me to a hospital and took some X-rays. I couldn't even walk. I was in tears most of the time.

"When the X-rays came out, they





"Now that I'm making money, I can repay my family for the many sacrifices they've made for me over the years."

*Karen and her mother take golf lessons so that Karen has something to do other than skating when she's on the road.*

showed them to me. You could see the splits in the middle of the bones. The light was shining right through them. Apparently the muscles had become too strong and pulled themselves out of their casings; and in turn the casings had split the bones

in hair-line fractures. They told me you can't really tell when it's going to happen. It comes like shin-splints and goes into fractures. The trouble was, I'd been working too hard.

"They told me then that I couldn't go on. It was terrible. I was in tears.



I had to sit through the whole thing. I could have gone home, but I wanted to see it. It was a hard thing to do—sitting there watching everyone compete. But then again, it was an experience. The whole time I was watching, I was wishing I was out there, and I was already thinking of next year.

"In 1971 I came back to compete. Oh the rumors were incredible! 'She can't take it.' 'She's going to quit.' 'She can't take the pressure.'

"But I came back. I did well in the figures. Then in the free-skating, I was the last one to come out. I'd drawn the very last number.

"Well, of course, the whole Canadian team was biting their nails. They didn't know what was going to happen. You see, when you've been out for a year—even if you've been training well—anything can happen in competition because of the strain and excitement.

"When the moment arrived, I came out, and I was just turned on as soon as I stepped on the ice. I did all my tricks, and when I came off my coach was crying, I was crying—everyone was crying! I had a standing ovation for about ten or 15 minutes. It was incredible!"

"You know, I didn't have any doubts before I went on—everyone else seemed to. Not even when I was in the wheel chair. I was a little leery the first day I went back on the ice, because it was all so new again. My muscles had been doing nothing. The first couple of steps

... I must say it was frightening . . . and then the first jump. After that I was fine. But there was never any doubt in my mind. Never!"

I asked how she accounted for her perseverance and tenacity, and her smile told me that she had already anticipated the question.

"I don't know where I get my drive from. My mom and dad really aren't competitive. My dad is a very calm man, very patient. I get my patience from him. It's an important part of skating because you have to learn to wait calmly for your turn when the pressure's on.

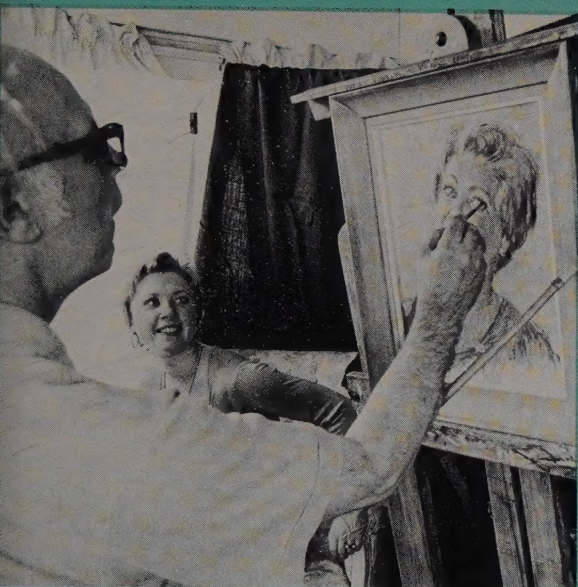
"I really don't know where my drive comes from. Perhaps it's because I've never been pushed by my parents. I've never been *made* to do my skating. I did it because I enjoyed it, and because it's always been fun. Every day I went, I tried to create new things. I created a new thing one day; the next I went back and tried to improve on it.

"What keeps me coming back is the love of it. But it's also because I've been able to travel every year. I see old friends again and meet new people. These little things always spur you on a little more."

"When you're in Europe," asked, "how do you spend your free hours?"

"Touring usually. I love old things: castles, churches, the art museums. Old churches that have those fabulous clocks that you just can't imagine people would know how to make that long ago. All





"Success is whatever you make it. Up till now I've been having fun . . ."

*Artist Jeffrey Traunter painted Karen's portrait for Prudential's world of sports gallery collection.*

These things intrigue me because we don't have anything like them in North America."

"You mentioned the churches," I asked, "are you religious at all?"

"I go to church when I can, but I skate a lot on Sundays. I believe in God, but in the end, there's only one person who can get out and do it—and that's yourself. I never go to church to ask God to help me win a competition. There's just no way He can do that. You're the only one who can do it—with sweat and tears and a lot of hard work.

"A lot of athletes from the States are tending toward the more religious aspect of what they're doing. I've noticed it in the last three or four years; and I wonder if maybe it's because of the trouble that their

country is in. I wonder if they're clinging now to this religion for something to help them. A lot of them have become Jesus freaks—you know, religion has all of a sudden become a big part of their lives, where it wasn't before. I don't knock anyone doing it, but I don't dwell on these things. I don't dwell on it helping me. I think God is a private thing; it's not something you exploit like that."

"Are you ever frightened or nervous before you go on?"

"I've never had that problem. Crowds have never scared me. I've skated before 18,000 people. And I notice the people I'm skating for. I get inspiration from the people who are watching. I'll see a smile, and I'm up. My energy level is up





100 percent. I just like people.

"Of course, I frequently have butterflies when I first get out on the ice in competition. But they soon go. All it is, is extra adrenalin. I've learned how to use it, and adrenalin is only energy."

I asked how she felt about her new-found success, and she motioned towards the dining room table. With its litter of envelopes, it looked more like the city mail room sorting bench than the corner of a West Vancouver home.

"Exciting, and a lot of hard work, let me tell you. I answer all of this mail because I don't have a thing made up to send to people. Anyway, I think they'd rather have an autographed signature than something that has been stamped on. I address the envelopes, or Mom does, and I sign a little note thanking them for their card or their letter, or whatever they've sent."

"Has success changed you at all?"

"No, and I hope it never does. I guess right now, it's still a bit of novelty for me. The success, I guess is whatever you make it. And up to now it's had no negative side for me. I've just been having fun. To be out there doing what I enjoy most, and getting paid for it too. . . ."

"In some circles, there has been criticism leveled at amateur athletes—Mark Spitz, for example—who benefit immensely when they turn professional. It's called 'cashing in on the medals.' How do you feel about this, now you've turned pro yourself?"

"I think if you look at it, I've spent eight hours a day training my head off. It's more than most people spend at their jobs. And I've done it just for the love of it up to now."

"I mean, a person going in to be a doctor trains all those years—plus six or seven on top of that to be





"I never go to church to ask God to help me to win. He can't do it for you. You're the only one who can do it—with hard work."

*Working out with a blossoming new star, Karen skates with Susan McDonald, 13, novice women's champion of Canada.*

*Ms. Linda Brauckman is Karen's coach.*

specialist. No one would question his or her right to a return.

"Athletes put a lot into their sport, year after year. And even their families give up so much for it. I think in Mark Spitz' case, the whole family picked up and moved wherever the swimming pool was. Now that takes a lot out of a family.

"Shouldn't he get something back for all he and they have put into it? Shouldn't any athlete? Because it's a lot of hours and sacrifices.

"You have sacrifices, but your family makes twice as many. There's usually other children involved too. I have two younger sisters who have given up things so I can skate.

"Now I'm in a position to give them things that they haven't been able to have before. And to be able to do this, gives me joy too, because now we can all enjoy it.

"You don't just do it for yourself; you do it for the other people who

have given up so much for you. That's how I look at it."

"Throughout your career, you've set yourself objectives year by year. What do you want to do after the Ice Capades?"

"My objective is to help out amateur skaters. I've started a foundation for that—the Karen Magnussen Foundation. It has \$13,000 in it right now, and I hope to add more every year. I'd like to set up skating clinics in Canada, especially in some of the faraway places where it's difficult to get good teachers.

"I've gone about as far as I can. I've been in two Olympics and seven world championships, and I've won the highest honor in figure skating. That's more than enough for me."

But somehow, Karen didn't look ready for retirement. I asked her how she felt about the coming three years with the Ice Capades.

"The first year is going to be the



hardest. I mean, there's going to be a lot of publicity calls during the day, and I'll be doing the show until midnight. I'll have to squeeze some sleep in there somewhere, otherwise I won't be able to perform. The people are coming to see the world champion. You know, they don't care what hour you've been up to. They've paid to see a show, and you have to give them what they're paying for.

"Staying healthy is the big thing. I'll have to take my vitamin pills."

Karen Magnussen is a long way from retirement. As I was taking my leave, I paused at a small table full of skating trophies that was sitting near the front window.

"Which is your favorite?" I had already seen the prized gold medal hanging in the hall.

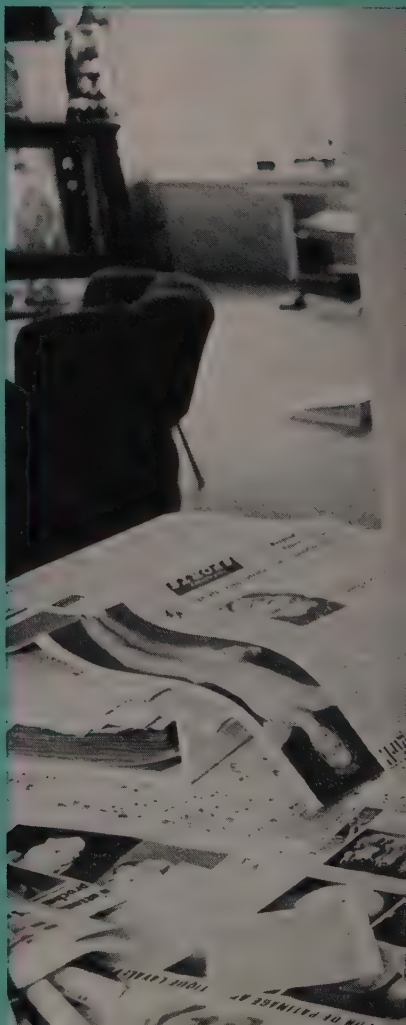
"This one," Karen responded immediately, holding up a cup so small I hadn't even noticed it on the table. It looked like a tarnished egg-cup.

"I got it for winning my first club competition. It was the first one."

It was incredible. Karen Magnussen could *actually be* the girl next

door. That is, if she wasn't the figure skating champion of the world.

The following day I went to watch Karen skate. In her improvised, free-style display I could see the physical manifestation of her confidence. As I leaned against the boards and watched her, I couldn't



*Karen is turned on by people, both on the ice and at home, where she answers correspondence from fans.*

help wondering just how success was going to affect Karen Magnusen in the long run. I was musing on this when she completed a set of figures with an exultant fast scratch spin—a standing rotation that begins slowly and increases in speed until the skater is little more than an in-

distinct cylinder. When she finished, she coasted over only slightly flushed and out of breath.

"Don't you get dizzy doing that?" I asked, somewhat dizzy from simply watching it. She smiled and shook her head energetically.

"Not when you're used to it." □







# THE MOUTH PIECE

a collection of transparencies by Doug Brunner

the phone is sacred



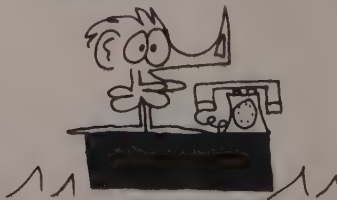
if it calls you must answer



people are calling up to  
congratulate me



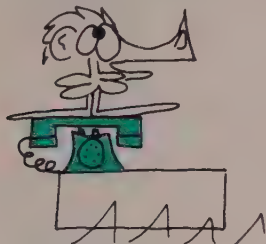
my name finally made the  
phone book . . .



i've lived with a phone and  
without one



i'm not sure which is more painful



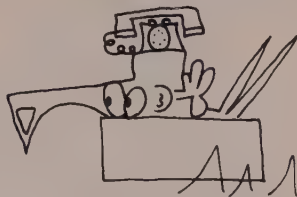
thinking of all the people who  
can't reach you . . .



or wondering why no one calls



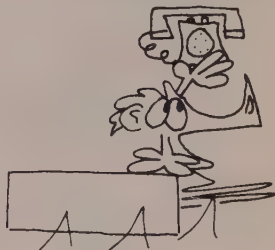
i've withdrawn from society



handed in my resignation



retreated to myself



i've unlisted my number





many times we keep busy  
to avoid thinking



because if we thought about  
what we were doing



we'd realize why we're doing it



and that awareness could  
change everything



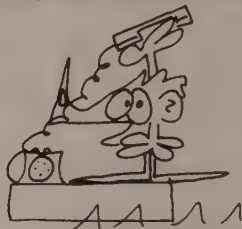
mind your own business



the radio and tv show me  
the outside world



but the phone connects me with it



i can listen but i can also be heard



the world is at my finger tips . . .



yes i'd like a small pizza to go . . .

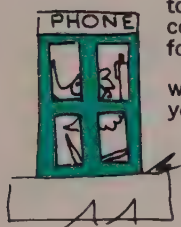




my life is  
hollow



i have  
nothing to  
commit  
myself to



no concern  
to be  
courageous  
for

what do  
you think



your time is  
up, please  
deposit 10¢  
more



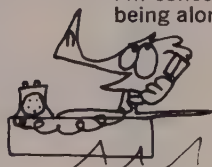
even the  
operator's  
pessimistic



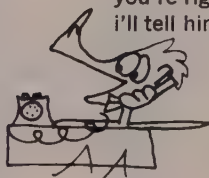
hello helpline



i'm calling about this friend  
of mine who's down



i'm concerned about his  
being alone so much



you're right,  
i'll tell him that



such good advice



all i need is a friend to tell it to . . .



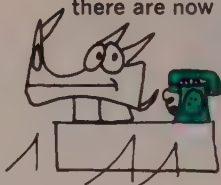
the phone is a resource



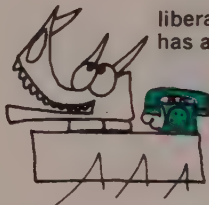
the government likes to tap



there are now male operators



liberation  
has a new voice



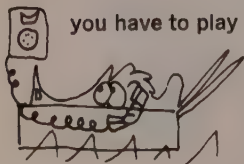
when you use a phone you can't  
see a person . . .



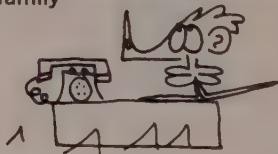
all those important visual  
inflections are lost



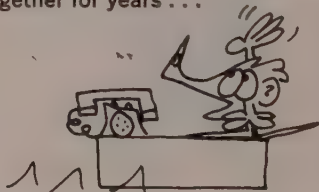
you have to play it by ear



there is one tradition that has  
survived the changes affecting  
the family



that which will help keep the family  
together for years . . .



hello i'd like to make a collect  
call . . .



phone calls are  
great for passing  
the dimes away







Photo courtesy of Seventeen Magazine

Debbie Bruce of Wichita, Kans., visits the New York offices of *Seventeen* magazine for shooting possible cover photos.

"We talked about me for four straight days," the modest young blonde smiled, as she recalled her interview with the writer from *Seventeen* magazine. "I never knew so much about myself before. Of course, Mr. Goro tried to cover just about every subject possible. And this was the first time anybody had ever sat down to listen to me for any length of time."

Deborah Bruce, 17, of Wichita, Kans., will not soon forget her sessions with Herb Goro, prize-winning writer-photographer, who had been assigned to do the article as it appears in the February issue of *Seventeen*.

"It wasn't hard talking to him," Debbie continued. "He was very informal. We did all the taping at my church or in my home in comfortable surroundings. I was very much at ease. His tape recorder didn't even bother me. We were alone the whole time. That made it easier for me to be honest, open and relaxed."

# Debbie appears in SEVENTEEN

When the *Seventeen* staff decided to launch their new series, "Young America Today," they wanted a young Midwesterner. And so one staff member remembered her hometown of Wichita and suggested they contact her mother back home who might know some young women who could qualify as candidates for the first subject of this new series. The *Seventeen* staffer asked her mother to select some teen-age clerks with whom she worked at David's East Department Store in Wichita as possible candidates for this article.

"We all wrote resumes and sent in pictures," Debbie recalls. That was in early May of last year. A few nights after Memorial Day—"after two weeks waiting on pins and needles"—Debbie got a phone call saying *Seventeen* wanted to do a story on her.

"I learned a lot about what goes into the making of a magazine—like the time, effort, cost. Mr. Goro flew here twice—first for four days to interview me and then again to get my approval on the finished manuscript and take photos.

"They flew my mother and me to New York for four days to photograph me for a possible cover photo in color. They spent an entire day with me when we were doing the cover. There were the beauty editor, a fashion editor, the art director and assistants, a make-up person, a hairstylist and all. We went to a studio where, after the morning was spent



Photo courtesy of *Seventeen Magazine*

Debbie and her mother, Mrs. Robert Bruce, discuss sight-seeing plans with a *Seventeen* magazine staff person.

just preparing me, Mr. Goro and another photographer spent the afternoon taking photos. I was excited about the possibilities of being on the cover of *Seventeen*, but always in the back of my mind was the thought it might not happen, because they don't put too many non-professionals on the cover."

"And, of course, my mother and I were treated very nicely while we





Debbie's father works in the Boeing plant of Wichita, where she attends Southeast High.

*"Communication with my parents has not been a problem for me. My folks have always been here when I needed them."*

As much of her free time as possible is spent with her sister, Karen, 11.



Photos by Sidney O. Stahl, Jr.

were in New York City. It was not all work; we also did some sight-seeing."

Since this is the first in a series, Debbie wants this article to go well for the magazine, "because I know how much money, time, energy, and talent have been put into this and I want the article to reflect the good image of the magazine."

When she faced the realization that millions would read what she said, "I just told the truth. Sometimes, when Mr. Goro and I were talking about something, I just would go into it a bit deeper and let it all out. Sometimes it was easier and sometimes harder to let it all out. Sometimes I got very emotional and cried. He didn't make me upset, but some subjects just affected me more than others.

"The hardest questions were when we got to something that was really personal, when I talked about death or about my family, or about my personal secrets or dreams, like you would write into a diary that you would let no one else see."

Has she ever kept a diary? "No, I haven't," Debbie responded. "And I don't know why, either."

"Because it was me telling everything, Mr. Goro's questions weren't really hard. Sometimes it would get frustrating and hard when he would ask me to go over a situation over and over again, trying to find out something else. We went over it so many times, mostly because he was searching for any indications of any

thing that could have been left out, that might draw me out a little bit more.

"His job," Debbie explained, "was to gather enough information from me so that he could write my diary or my journal for me from personal questions, secrets, ambitions, and desires. So he probed deeply with his questions, because the magazine wanted a *real* person. They didn't want anything fake. In other words, when other girls read this article, they might see a little of themselves in what I say. He did the writing, but it's written as if I had written it."

Debbie, her family and friends are happy with the finished article: "It sounds as if it were me. I actually said those things. This was all me. But when Mr. Goro was first reading the finished article to me for my approval, for a few moments I was saying to myself, 'Oh, dear, I don't want to listen to this. I don't want my article to be first,' because we talked about some pretty deep stuff. And I didn't know how it would look in written form. I was sitting there not knowing what to say. A lot of the really personal things came out in the article, but were kind of hidden. They're there, but not coming out directly. It's my ideas, it's honest, but not specific, and I don't feel ashamed or embarrassed by anything that's written."

Looking back over the whole process, Debbie sums it up: "I feel I've grown up a lot from this experience. I've matured. I've become a little

bit more open. I have found it easier to express myself now. I guess an outsider coming in and letting me say what I really think is what opened me up."

Debbie is a senior at Southeast High School in Wichita, a long-time member of the Girl Scouts, and a confirmed member of Pilgrim Congregational United Church of Christ. Her father works at the nearby Boeing plant, her mother is a homemaker, and her sister, Karen, is 11 years old.

Among her activities, Debbie is secretary of the Student Council and co-chairperson of its student exchange program; she's public relations director for the Wichita Area Senior Girl Scouts and chairs its committee producing a slide set on scouting, plus her part-time clerking job.

Her vocational interest "at this particular time" is oceanography. Why? "Because I like to swim, especially underwater. I also like the thought of research work. And so, I thought oceanography might be something I'd like to do." She's done some synchronized swimming and a year of competitive swimming. Soon she hopes to take scuba diving lessons locally. She's been to the Pacific Ocean once as a child and to the Atlantic for the first time when she went to New York to do the *Seventeen* cover photos.

"Herb Goro seemed quite fascinated by my being interested in the vocation of oceanography, even



though I have lived in Wichita all my life."

At the store, Debbie works in women's clothing and shoes. "I like to sell. It's fun to see the new fashions come in. And I like meeting people. Most girls my age, when they buy clothes, look for what would look nice on them first, and, then, of course, they want to be in style. That's generally the way I shop, too."

"I think of myself as a conservative," Debbie confesses. "I tend to be a bit slower in accepting new ideas and new trends. In fashions, I might not want to take in something new. In politics, I am not turned on to any party or cause. In religious movements, none of the current trends interests me at all."

She does find the Ram's Horn—a week-end retreat of the church—helpful in her personal struggle to understand God and religion. "We discuss what we believe. I always feel a little more sure of myself when I come back. It somewhat re-instates what I want to believe."

Communication with her parents is no problem for Debbie. "My folks have always been here when I needed them. My mother didn't have a mother when she was growing up in her teen years and my father didn't have his father. So, my folks want to provide me and my sister the things they didn't have. Of course, there is a lot of love in our family."

How does Debbie feel about wo-

men's liberation?

"Well, I just believe in me being a woman. When I think of doing scientific research in oceanography I know that women have usually been stuck behind the desk or something like that. I do not want that. Therefore, I'm something of a woman's liberator because I want to do what a man might do underwater and in research. After I've done this for a while, then I'll go back to being the woman in the home, taking care of children."

"At my high school, girls are still girls even though they sometimes might dress in boys' fashions. They still chase after boys and they still want to be treated like a girl."

"I think people make up their own ideas of what beauty is. Of course, everybody wants to think of themselves as physically attractive. I admire and look at other girls and I know some girls are very envious of my appearing in *Seventeen*. Some of them think it's nothing but a beauty deal and I always point out to them that it's not. It's an article about how I live and think and not how I look. *Seventeen* wants this series to help its readers see other young women as human beings, not simply as pretty girls."

As Debbie ponders the publicity of her *Seventeen* article, she worries about it a little: "Will this change me or my life style? At least I've found that my close friends before this all happened are still my close friends."



Girl Scouts, swimming and music occupy what time Debbie has left from school and her clerking job.

Photo by Sidney O. Stahl, Jr.

*"I feel I've grown up a lot from this experience. I've become a little bit more open. I've found it easier to express myself now."*



# THE FISH AND THE GREAT SEA

BY ALAN W. WATTS (1941)

Art by Sandy Bauer

Once upon a time there was a fish who lived in the Great Sea. He was just an ordinary fish, and because he had never known anything outside the Great Sea, he was not really aware that he was in it. He swam up and down, and round, without ever noticing that he was moving in water. For the water was transparent; wherever he moved it got out of the way of his nose and yet provided a medium against which he could push with his tail, and so move himself along. Without it, he could never have swum; he could not even have lived, but he was so used to it that, for all he knew, he might just as well have been moving in empty space.

But one day something peculiar happened to him. He began to think how strange it was that he could swim, for here he was moving up and down and around through what seemed to be empty space, and all by his own power. This, he thought, was surely very clever of himself. And then something else happened . . . He began to be

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British-born Alan Watts, a former Episcopal chaplain, left the church in 1950 and became a leading interpreter of Zen Buddhism before his recent death.

Copyright © 1974 by Jano Watts





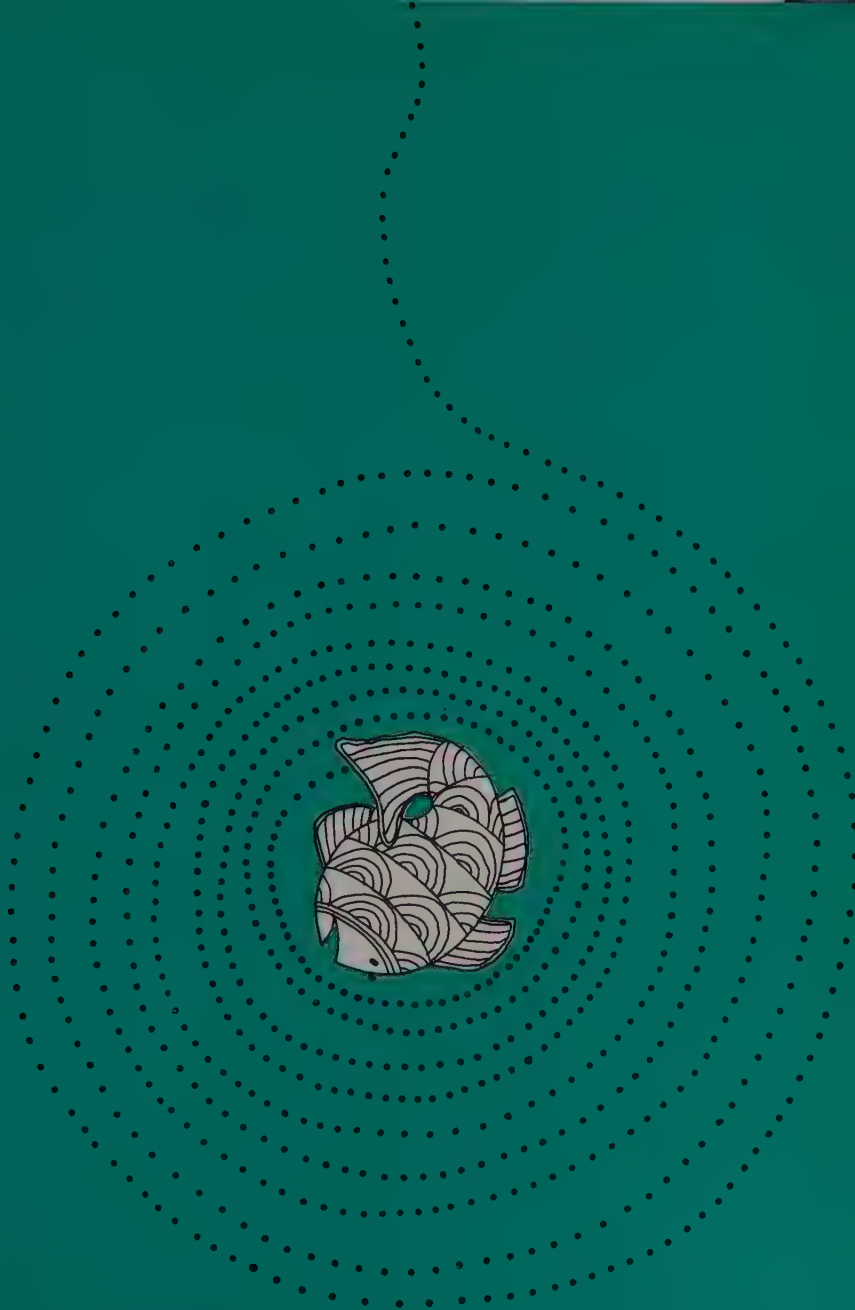
confused in his swimming, and was suddenly terrified lest he should forget how to swim altogether, and drop down into the infinite depths below. At that very moment he began to fall.

Suddenly he realized that there was just one chance of saving himself—to grab hold of his own tail in his mouth, and so hold himself up. So at once he curled himself up and made a snap at his tail. Unfortunately his spine was not quite supple enough, and he missed. But, not to be outdone, he tried again with the same result, so that for some time he whizzed around in circles in frantic pursuit of his own end. The faster he chased it, the faster it moved away, and this had been going on for a while when he began to realize that he was not getting anywhere, that his life was becoming dull, meaningless and horribly repetitive. But he was much too frightened to stop. He was sure that if for a moment he relaxed his chase he would plunge headlong into the abyss, and so he redoubled his efforts to save himself, in spite of the fact that every moment he became more and more tired and disgusted.

Very quickly he saw that he was in a hideous dilemma: he must either fall into the abyss or go on chasing his tail, and both alternatives were equally horrifying. He was in an impossible situation and . . . he waved his fins in panic and prepared to die.

In the meantime the Great Sea had been watching this extraordinary behavior with mixed feelings of amusement and sorrow, for the Great Sea was as kind as he was vast. He gave all the creatures of the deep room to live and swim around; he never obtruded himself upon them, always retiring generously before their noses and letting himself be pushed by their tails so that they could move along. That was not all, for he had always surrounded them in such a way that he bore them up, and had made himself transparent so that they could see where they were going and enjoy all the wonders of the deep. But here was a fish who thought he swam all by himself, had gotten himself into a panic, and was behaving as no fish should behave.

Therefore, the Great Sea called out to the unfortunate fish, and asked him what he thought he was doing. The fish replied that he was trying to catch hold of his tail and so save himself from falling. "You have been doing that for a long time!" observed the Great Sea.



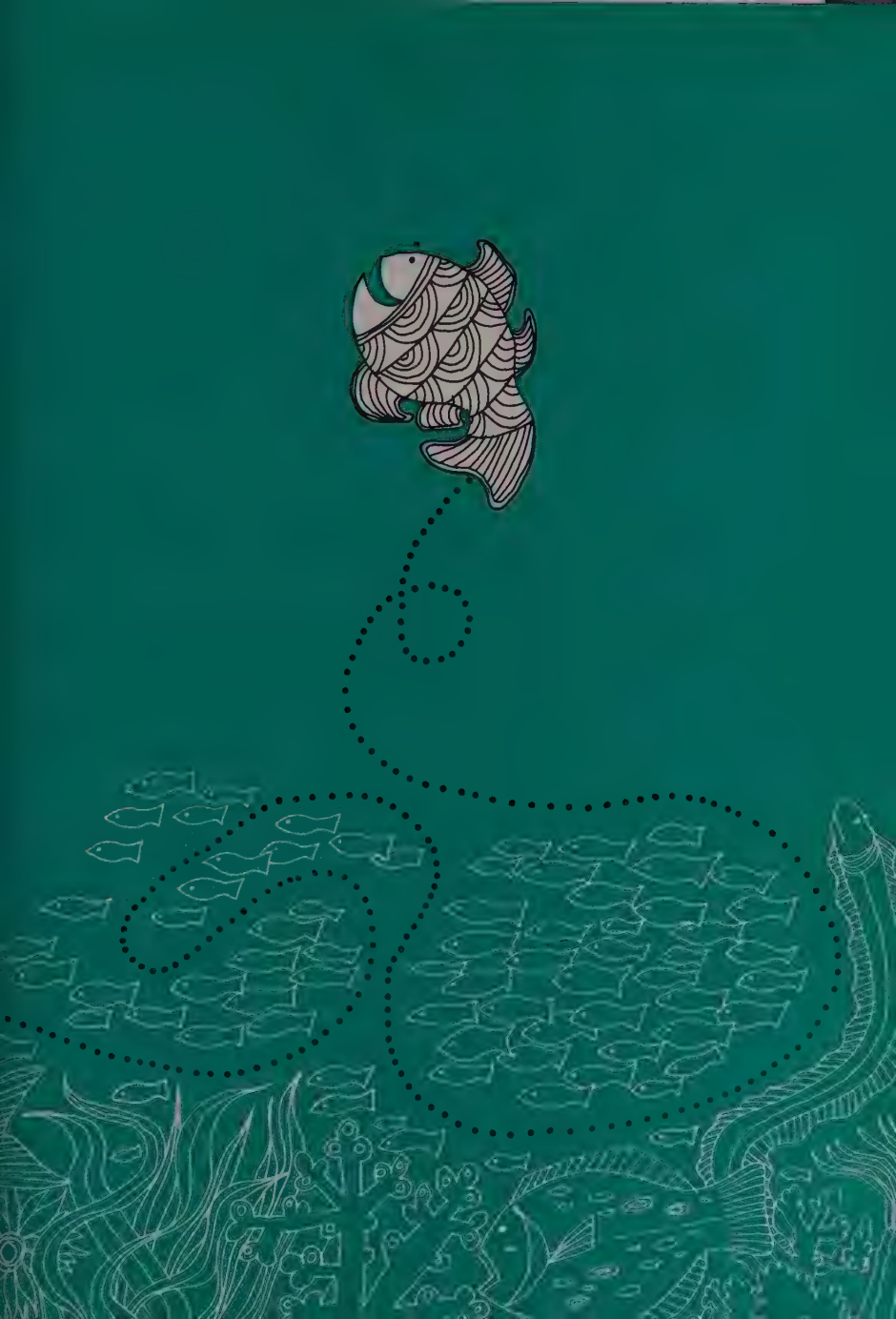


"and you are no nearer to catching it than when you started. So why haven't you fallen yet?" "Don't bother me," retorted the fish. "Can't you see I'm busy?" "That's just what I can see," went on the Great Sea patiently, "But apparently you can't. You haven't caught your tail; you haven't fallen into the abyss; and yet you are still busy. How does this happen?" "Oh don't be stupid!" snapped the fish. "Of course I haven't fallen down because I'm—Good God! because I'm swimming!" "You may well say good God," said the Great Sea, "for how does it happen that you have stayed afloat and been able to swim during all this absurd performance?" This was too much for the fish. He stopped his chase, and looked around to see who was talking to him. There was no one to be seen, and . . . it was strange, but although he wasn't doing anything himself, he was still floating in the water, but it seemed to him as if he were suspended by some invisible force in empty space.

"There now," said the Great Sea, "you thought you were doing it all yourself, and you never knew that I hold you up all the time. For I am he in whom you live and swim and are able to be a fish, and to you I have given the height and the depth, and the length and the breadth of myself in which to swim. I have given all of myself to you, and yet you have forgotten me and wasted yourself in pursuing your own end."

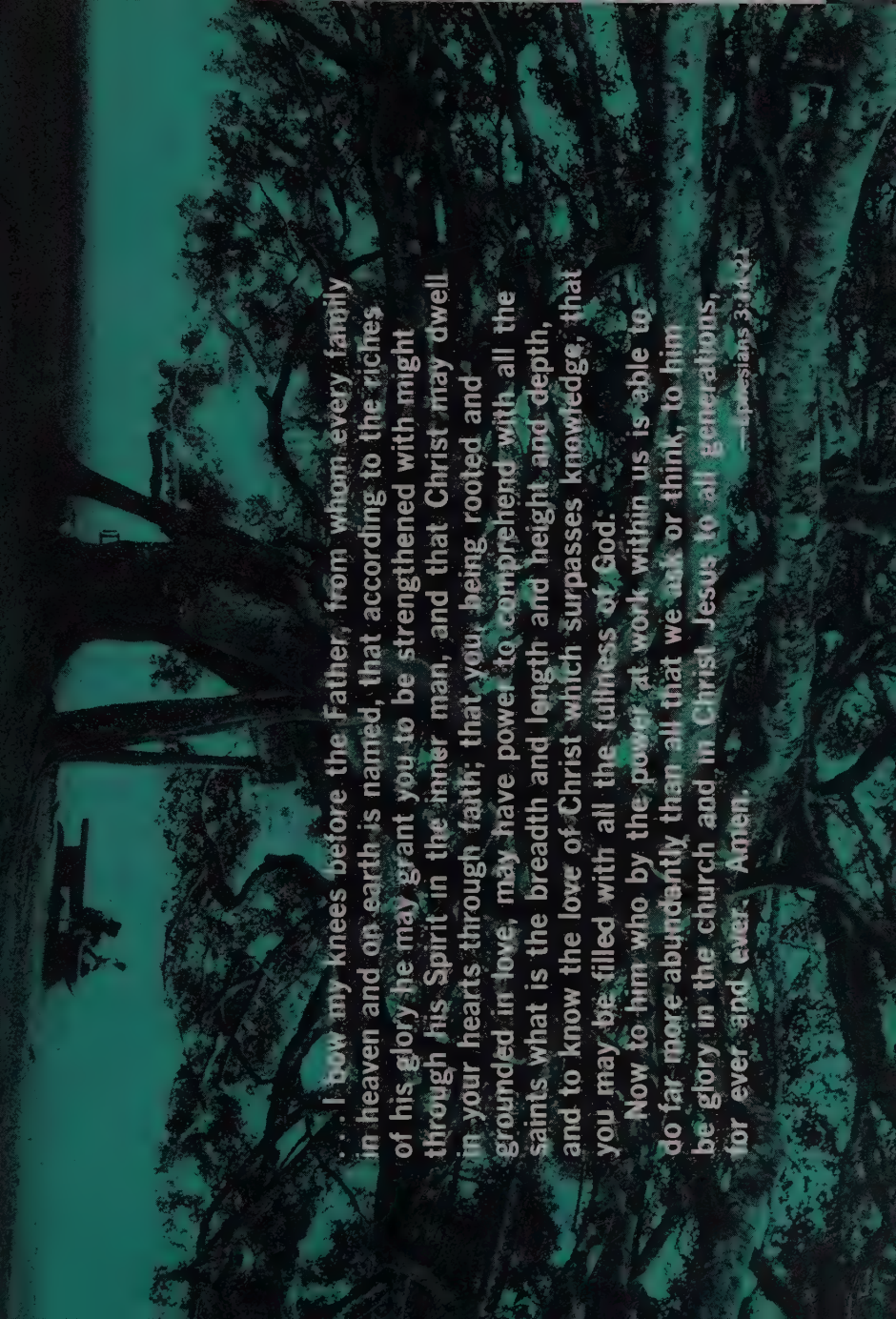
From that moment, the fish was happier than any other fish in the seven seas, and, setting his own end behind him, where it belonged, he set out to explore the ends of the Sea. And he found that whether he moved up or down, to the left or to the right, everywhere the Great Sea expanded before him and supported him, so much so that he swooped and climbed and danced in joy, a creature in his own element, out of himself and into the water, where, indeed, he had been all the time. □











... I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that according to the riches of his glory he may grant you to be strengthened with might through his Spirit in the inner man, and that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may have power to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God.

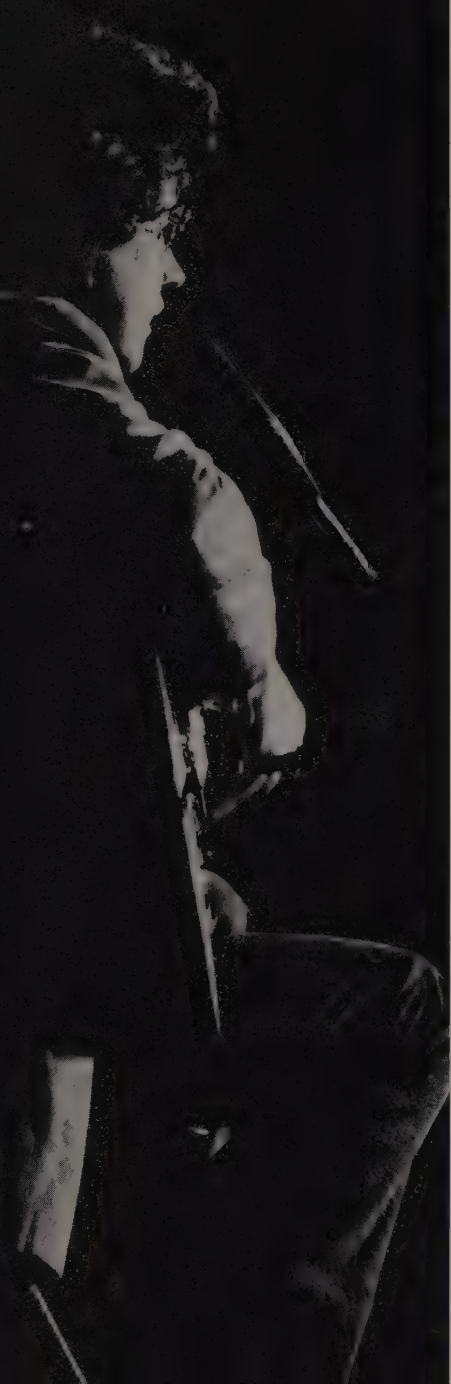
Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus to all generations, for ever and ever. Amen.

—Ephesians 3:14-21

# ARLO GUTHRIE







**SURROUNDED ALL HIS LIFE  
BY SUPERB GUITAR  
PICKING AND FOLK  
SINGING, HE EVOLVED  
ON HIS OWN**

**BY EILEEN STUKANE  
PHOTOS BY RUTH BERNAL**

On screen, Arlo enters a half-finished structure where self-appointed carpenters are nailing, sanding, and shaping countless wooden boards into a restaurant. "Just what I've always wanted," confesses Arlo. "A restaurant?" asks Alice. "No," he quips, "a friend with a restaurant." The movie audience smiles. It is 1969.

"Did you have fun doing 'Alice's

---

Eileen Stukane is a contributor to such national magazines as *Modern Hi-Fi* and *Stereo Guide* and *Good Housekeeping*. Ruth Bernal is a New York free-lance photographer.

Restaurant?" "I had more fun doin' it than watchin' it." "Oh, you didn't like watching it?" queries this reporter. "No, I just had more fun doin' it than watchin' it." Arlo Guthrie, master of dry wit and basic logic, still continues to rouse my common senses, and now it is 1974.

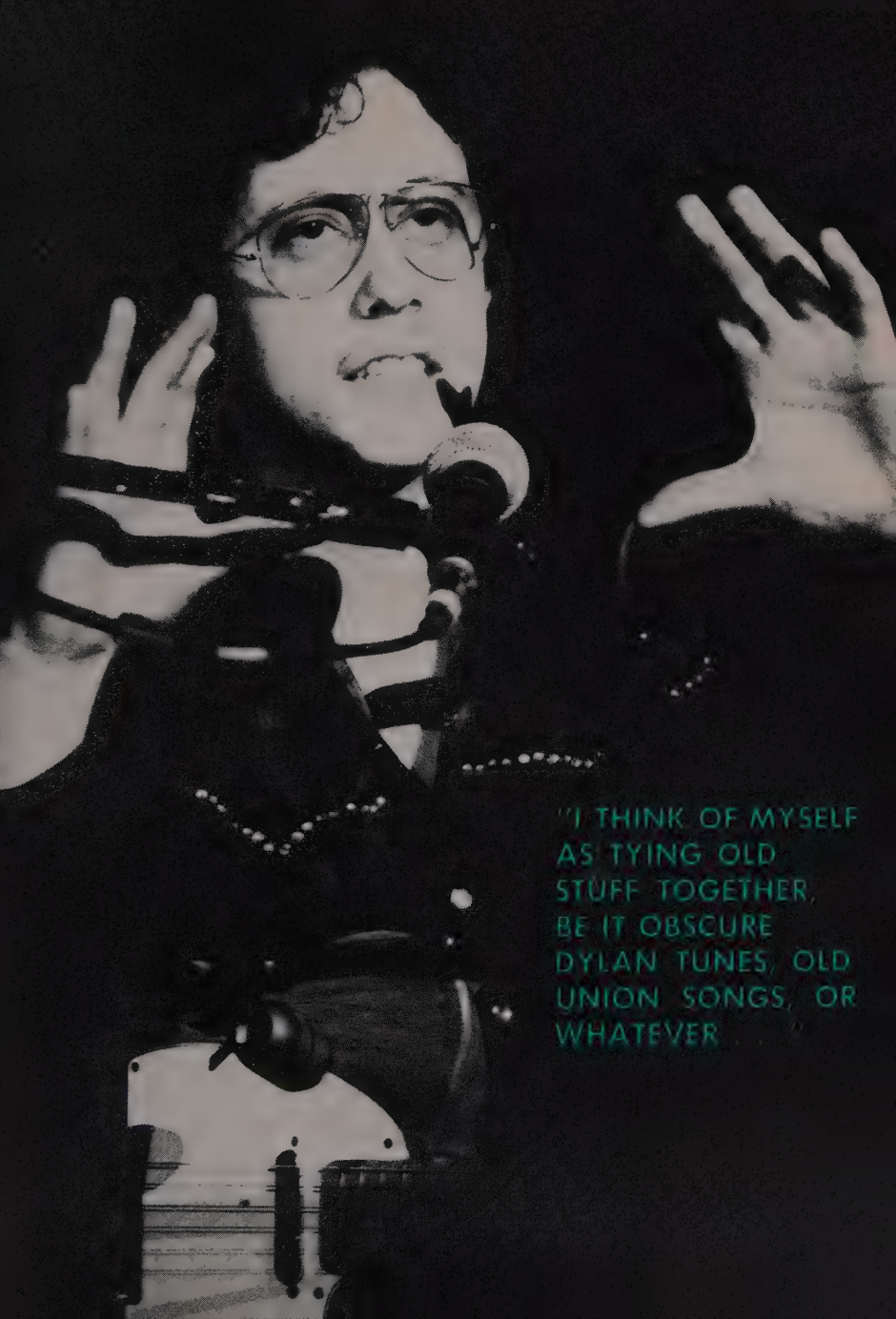
Afternoon sunshine, reflecting off the snow-covered Berkshires, fills the house with natural light. As Arlo sits in front of the picture window wall, his tousled, curly hair is silhouetted against the white landscape outside. Over a hundred miles away, the streets of Brooklyn and Queens, New York, where he grew up, are teeming with activity, but here, in the country, a few friends, a few beers, and easy conversation make the hours roll lazily by. "One thing I learned from my old man was to always align yourself with that part of the population that doesn't change. Farmers put seeds in the ground and wait for them to grow, and that doesn't change." And so, heeding the wisdom of Woody Guthrie, 27-year-old Arlo has settled on rural soil (over 200 acres in Massachusetts) with his wife, Jackie, their two-year-old daughter, Kathy, and four-year-old son, Abraham.

If, like Great Britain, the United States had a national poet laureate, Arlo's father would have surely been it. When he died in 1967, Woody Guthrie left a priceless legacy of song and verse about America and its people. Generations will sing "This Land Is Your Land," but

television being what it is, little children might only recognize the song as the commercial theme of an airline. Still, they will learn about the Guthrie insight from Pete Seeger's renditions of Woody's tunes and from Arlo.

Ironically, in 1967, the year that Woody left us, Arlo was recognized for his first outstanding performance at the Newport (Rhode Island) Folk Festival. His satirical "Alice's Restaurant" was a hit. All his life, he had been surrounded by superb guitar picking and folk singing, and it could have inhibited him, but instead, he evolved on his own. That sardonically funny, storytelling style is pure Arlo, and the gold records on his wall show that it is loved. Also, how many other songs have been made into movies? To my knowledge, "Alice's Restaurant" is the only one.

So that was the beginning of the public, performing Arlo Guthrie. He got us to thinking, but he also got us to smile. Who can forget "Ring Around The Rosy Rag" and that number about the motorsickle? "Life is serious business," says he in a tone of mock instruction. Then he will go on a fantasy trip. Maybe he'll get a helicopter to land in the field, fly him and his friends to New York City, hover over his favorite Indian restaurant, and while the chopper idles, he will climb down the rope ladder, enter the restaurant, order a special dessert to go, then ascend the ladder, and return with



"I THINK OF MYSELF  
AS TYING OLD  
STUFF TOGETHER,  
BE IT OBSCURE  
DYLAN TUNES, OLD  
UNION SONGS, OR  
WHATEVER



food and friends to the round wooden table in his home. Why not?

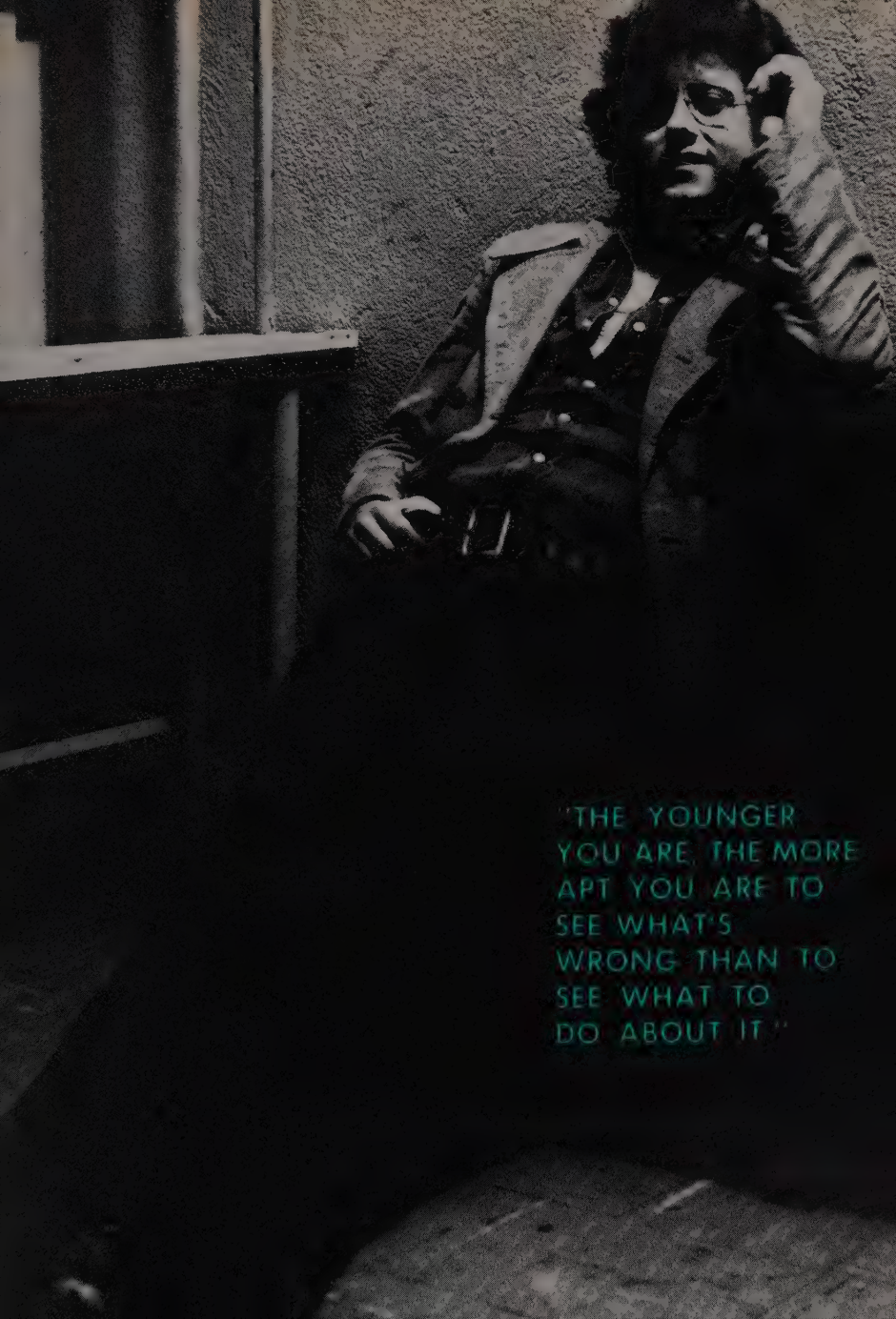
The longer you stay around Arlo, the more you think anything can be done. The infectious attitude has been caught by his friends and fellow musicians, and hopefully, the playful, relaxed, (he can nap anywhere) fantasy-inspired Arlo won't change. But, of course, part of him has matured since those early days of littering in Stockbridge. His boyish smile remains, but the philosophy behind it is a little different. "The younger you are, the more apt you are to see what's wrong than you're apt to see what to do about it. I see things a little more clearly, that's all. Six years ago, the time really required that everybody got up and said something with a lot of backing. That happened until a lot of things changed, not enough, but certainly a lot, and that's really nice. Now, the same problems may exist, but you have to solve them in different ways. If it requires being a little more calm, or being a little more subtle, if it requires being a clown, or if it requires being a saint, or if it requires being just regular, whatever it requires, you gotta be that. And, it probably requires all of those things, so you have all these different kinds of people who are shifting gears."

Where does Arlo fit in the scheme of things? "If you want to know where things are goin', generally it's nice to know where things have been. I think of myself as tying old

stuff together, whatever it is, be it obscure Dylan tunes, along with 30's union songs, or whatever it is, I like tying things up. Old songs, if they're old enough, are new, in that no one's ever heard 'em. There are some obscure, old, little tunes here and there that are very nice little trips into where people were at."

What usually happens is that when old folk songs tell you how people acted years ago, you find that people haven't really changed at all. On his "Hobo's Lullabye" album, Arlo sings Woody's "1913 Massacre," which tells of the unfair and inhuman treatment of copper miners by the bosses. Literally, the song relays the cruel Christmas killing of 73 of the workers' children, and the final words are, "See what your greed for money has done." If you know about Cesar Chavez, migrant workers, the grape boycott, or non-union lettuce, you'll realize that the same circumstances are as alive today as they were during the "1913 Massacre." "Hobo's Lullabye" is also a time-tested tune, but the mood is touching, and Pete Seeger and Arlo lovingly sang it to Woody in his hospital room.

Musically, Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie influenced Bob Dylan's style, and the three of them are important to Arlo. Pete is a much-loved family friend. "It seems like some people are just born in order to awaken other guys, who in turn would awaken other guys, until you finally got somewhere, and Pete's



"THE YOUNGER  
YOU ARE, THE MORE  
APT YOU ARE TO  
SEE WHAT'S  
WRONG THAN TO  
SEE WHAT TO  
DO ABOUT IT."

just one of those people who's all by himself, up in front of civilization maybe a couple of hundred years. He thinks of times when there will be no war and things like that. And when he's in his regular frame of mind, not being brought down by the fact that people are killin' each other, he thinks in planetary terms, not in terms of any specific cultures. And if you're talkin' about a scene where the world's going to get together, there's nobody better equipped to inspire anybody than Pete Seeger." It's easy to tell that Pete Seeger holds a very special place in Arlo's life.

But, as a fellow artist, Bob Dylan has Arlo's respect. On Arlo's album, "Last Of The Brooklyn Cowboys," he does Dylan's 1965 "Gates Of Eden," which I thought nobody but Dylan could do and get right, but Arlo easily reminds us that "there are no truths outside the Gates of Eden," and it's time we heard it again. A photograph on the mantel in Arlo's house says, without words, that he thinks Dylan's all right. The unmounted black-and-white photograph might not even be noticed among the other mementos on the shelf, after all, it's just a picture of a bunch of people, possibly an audience at an outdoor concert. But on closer inspection, one of the faces in the crowd belongs to the unmistakably familiar Bob Dylan.

Arlo's mantel, fireplace, and whole house have comfortable clutter and a peaceful atmosphere.

Everybody, people and animals, move at their own will. Eli and Fido, two of the dogs, meander in, out, and about, while the two cats, Squeek and White Cat, curl up in your lap, on the piano, or wherever they choose. The Guthrie feeling is that everything has to happen naturally, and, naturally, it has to be accepted. "I'd like to have my lady and my kids here right now (Jackie and children were visiting in California at the time) but you can't force anyone to do what you want, everyone has to have their freedom. The animals come and go as they please. I had two dogs that ran away with my pig, but that's the way life is—you can't worry about it." Having a fatalistic attitude does not seem to have hurt Arlo, and that, combined with his so-simple-it's-disarming earthy reasoning, are the forces he uses to figure things out.

About his neighbors, he says, in his multicolored eastern/western accent, "At first they didn't understand why I was out there plowin' the field when I have all this music that gives me things, but I explained to them that, when they work in the field all day and do the plowin', they like to go home and sing and play music. So, when I finish singing, I like to do the plowin' and that made sense to them." Arlo takes the farm seriously, feeds the goats, and works on the house. He and a friend are busy building two more rooms onto the concrete and natural wood house that Arlo has been crafting





"ONE THING I  
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OLD MAN WAS TO  
ALWAYS ALIGN  
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DOESN'T CHANGE."

by himself. The place is just up the hill from where he had originally lived, a home that is now the residence of his long-time friend and road manager, Geoff Outlaw.

However, Arlo did once live in a New York City loft apartment. "That was insanity. I realized that there was only one brick, eight inches, between me and people that I may never see. We could live with that space between us all our lives and never see each other. That's insanity." In Massachusetts' Berkshire Hills, he had gone to private high school, liked it, and stayed. Here, he feels the people have great common sense. "In the city, even a homicidal maniac is upset because he is only an average homicidal maniac," he says in an exaggeration that isn't really false.

So, at home he does the chores, takes an occasional break, shoots pool or rides the snowmobile, and writes his own compositions. Did he always want to be a musician? "Well, I always hoped." I don't think he's ever counted the number of instruments he plays, but a piano and more than a few stringed instruments are around. What does he use for songwriting? "I write piano songs on the piano, guitar songs on the guitar, and . . ." "Enough," I interrupt, although the reasoning is direct.

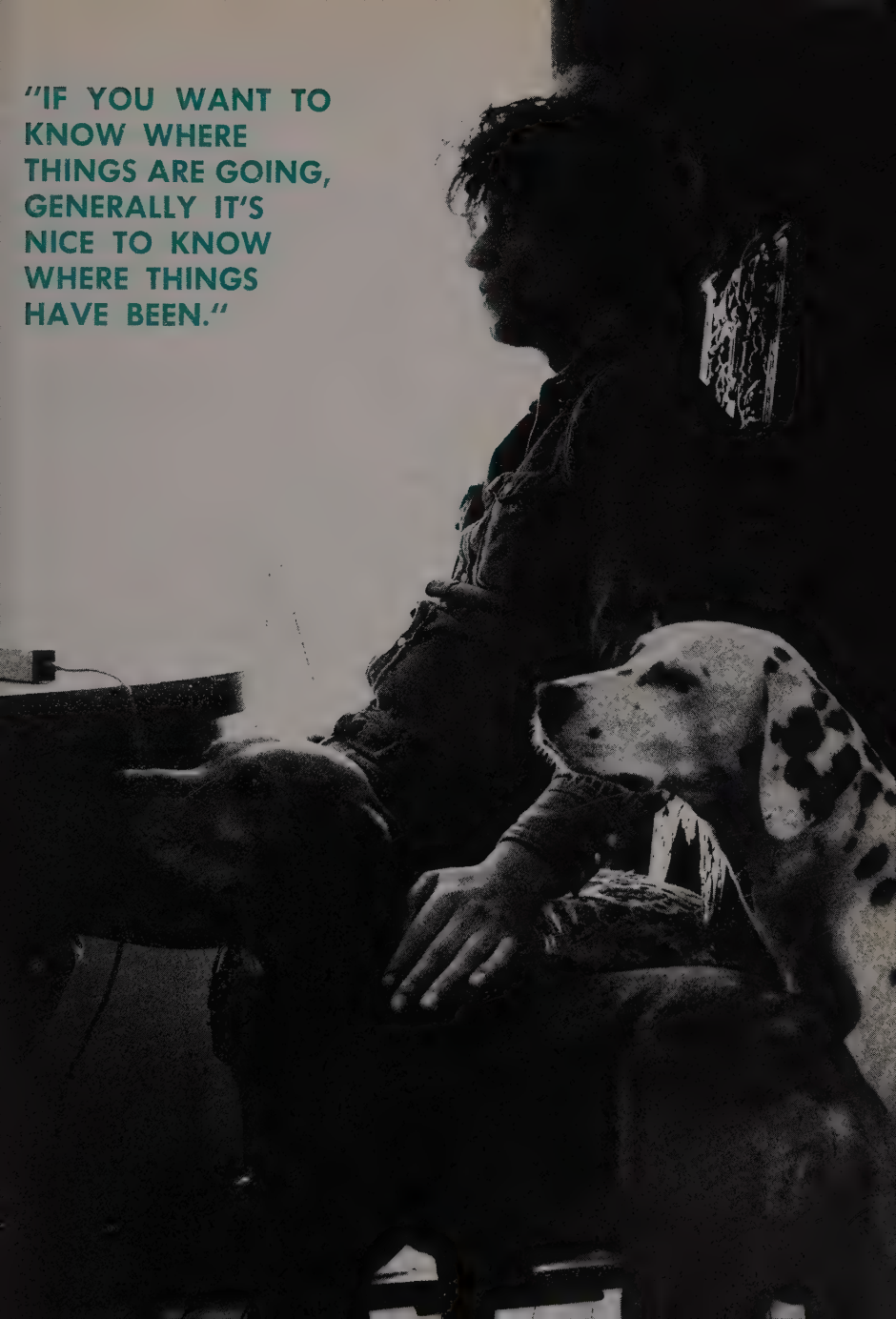
One of my favorite instrumentals, "Week On The Rag," from "Last Of The Brooklyn Cowboys," is a carefree piano tune reminiscent of

calliopes and carousels. In fact, at least five of the songs on this album bring Arlo to the keyboard. In concert, besides the piano and his four-man backup band (including a fiddler and a steel-pedal guitarist), he himself uses a six-string acoustic guitar, electric guitar, and a five-string banjo. At times, he may close his eyes during a song's performance, and seem detached, however, he is always relaxed. Onstage or off, tension is nonexistent, and in seconds, professional discipline can change a jokefest into a serious pre-performance sound check. Unlike some artists who offer pat performances time after time, Arlo includes new material, in a fresh act, with every concert tour. He is not predictable. The man knows that he has heritage behind him, who-knows-what ahead of him, and the present at hand:

And you got to be there brothers,  
yes you do  
If the world is turning under you  
Ain't no good to sit around, bring  
it up or down  
You got to be there brothers, yes  
you do.

—From "Cooper's Lament"  
By Arlo Guthrie  
© 1973 by  
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"IF YOU WANT TO  
KNOW WHERE  
THINGS ARE GOING,  
GENERALLY IT'S  
NICE TO KNOW  
WHERE THINGS  
HAVE BEEN."







# WHAT INSPIRES

Are you moved by the simple things in life—rising to greet the morning, watching a caterpillar crawl through the grass, walking in autumnal woods? Does the complexity and newness of relationships fascinate you? Have you found your emotions have more depth than you ever expected? Or is it the larger social issues that really get to you?

Whatever it is that turns you on, if it inspires a creative effort, it is likely subject material for the 1974 Creative Arts Awards. Whether you express yourself through writing, photography,

painting, drawing, sculpture, or any other media, your personal viewpoint and opinions are what we want to know about you. Just follow the guidelines listed on these pages.

## **Creative Writing**

Just about anything goes here—poetry, fiction, essays, plays, editorials, humor, satire, true-to-life stories — whatever form you like and feel you're best at.

## **Art Work**

We welcome any type of art work that



# YOU?

can be reproduced in YOUTH. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, prints, gags or editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, or abstract art—any artistic expression of your own ideas or feelings. Because of mailing limitations, art work should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5".

## Photography

Your print (or prints) should be black and white, and no larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5". You do

not have to do your own developing and printing to enter in this category.

## Sculpture

If you've done a mobile, paper folding, wood carving or any piece of sculpture which you'd like to submit, send us photographs which best present all the dimensions of your work.

### Here are rules and guidelines:

1. You must be between 13 and 19 years of age to enter.
2. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something you've done as a school assignment, for your own enjoyment, or especially for the contest, but it must be your own.
3. You may submit a total of five entries, but please mail them all together, if possible.
4. Identify each entry with the title of the work, the media you are using, your name, age, and address. Place this information in the upper right corner of each writing entry, and on the back of each photograph or piece of art work you send.
5. Submit writing entries on 8½" x 11" sheets of paper. **CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES CANNOT BE RETURNED.** So please keep a copy of your work.
6. All entries must be mailed by May 1, 1974.
7. Send your original entries to: **CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102.** After the judging is completed, all entries other than Creative Writing will be returned.
8. For each entry published in YOUTH magazine, the contributor will receive \$25.

# More Ideas

You've got ideas. You like to share them. And you're interested in the ideas of others. That's what you've been telling us since last August when we published "101 Ideas." The following are a sampling of "ideas" that you, our readers, have sent us in response to our invitation for Idea No. 101. We plan to print more and more ideas as you send them in. Share with us your own special thoughts, your favorite quotes, your tips on successful projects, helpful activities, how to have fun, or creative things you've done. Send them to: More Ideas, YOUTH Magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102 And we'll help you swap your ideas with others.

# 101

**QUIZ YOURSELF ON YOURSELF.** Make a list of the 20 things you enjoy doing best. Put \$ after the things that cost money. A \$\$ sign after things that cost over \$3.00. Put a ♀ sign by the things you like to do alone. Put a ☆ by the things you've done within this month and a ○ by the things you've done within the year. Put a □ by the things you haven't done within the last few years. Put a ♂♂ by the things that have to involve two people or more. Read it over. Realize anything new about yourself?

—KERI MUNGER,  
ROCHESTER, MICH.



*Instead of caroling at Christmas, when people at hospitals get snowed with carolers, carol (or sing) in February, or at Easter, or at Pentecost, when these people are generally forgotten.*

—Mark Thomas,  
West Bend, Wis.



There are lots of ways to use a tape recorder that are really fun. I like to record the "jam sessions" I have with my friends (this way you can remember tunes that you might forget later); sound effects—such as city traffic, countryside at night (this could be used with friends or a youth group to discuss noise pollution); a dinner-table conversation with your family, without the knowledge of the other members (this is very good for self-examination—seeing how you react to the others in your family, whether you constantly interrupt your younger brothers and sisters, whether you monopolize, etc.). You can also record special occasions like Christmas morning, birthdays, surprise parties (for Christmas tapes you can keep the radio on while recording, getting a background of Christmas carols, weather, and news which makes the tape more continuous and seasonal). You can tape a re-run of a favorite old movie or TV show (nice if you're an old movie freak); or if your grandmother, grandfather, or other relative has interesting childhood stories, memories, record them (this kind of tape you could play for your own grandchildren years from now—not many great-grandchildren hear their great-grandparents or great-great-grandparents!).

—Schaune Griffin,  
Valdosta, Ga.

Like many others, my friends and I have been deeply troubled by our participation in the war in Indochina. The war is not nearly over for the countless children who have been wounded, and for most, it probably never will be.

While searching for a way to help alleviate a little of the damage we Americans have caused, a friend and I met Dr. Tomin Harada, a plastic surgeon in Hiroshima, Japan, who has spent much of his life helping atomic bomb victims. Dr. Harada brought four wounded Vietnamese young people to Japan and gave them medical treatment, a home, and an education.

Dr. Harada told us that if we could arrange for transportation costs, he would be glad to arrange for more young people to come to his hospital. Back at my school in Kobe, Japan, everyone we talked to was enthusiastic about the project, and a core committee of about ten was formed, consisting of students, parents, teachers, and interested adults in

the community. Support came from the churches, the Jewish community, the neighboring Catholic school, a local newspaper, and even the kindergartners in our school.

In a few months the contributions came to about \$3000, and early in May, two young Vietnamese boys, Nguyen The Phiet, 13, and Vo Dinh Qui, 11, arrived in Japan.

Meeting these two boys as friends—going shopping, playing games, going on a picnic in the mountains—was one of the most beautiful experiences I have had.

There are undoubtedly many valuable resource people in your community, who would be glad to contribute their services if given an opportunity, and there are others in Indochina doing invaluable work who need to be supported. There is an inconceivable need, and we have plenty of opportunities to help if we open our eyes!

—Nancy Saito,  
Swarthmore, Pa.

1041



# 105

When our family takes a trip, I take along two puppets which I have made and the puppets wave to all the cars we pass. If there are kids in the car, they always notice—and grin!

—JUDI MYERS,  
GLYNDON, MINN.

# 106

KEEPING UP WITH OTHERS IS A  
KING-SIZE WAY OF PUTTING  
YOURSELF DOWN!

—BARBARA WRIGHT,  
WAUCONDA, ILL.



107



Buy a bag of peanuts and sit in the park and feed the squirrels. Look around you and see the trees. Notice how the hustle and bustle of the city ends at its entrance. Feel its tranquility and serenity. The park is a fun and easy escape to a new life for an hour or two, anytime of the year. The short-term freedom may be just what you need to get away from the rat race and wearing down of the surrounding world.

—Whit Strong,  
Ottawa, Ontario



In Rochester, N.Y., the Teens on Patrol (TOP) program employs many young people each summer with the city's police bureau. These teenagers help to keep recreation areas safe and orderly, and pair off with members of the police force to do their jobs.

108

UPI photo



*It is sometimes difficult for Christians to understand that Judaism is part of our heritage, and that Jesus was a Jew not a Christian. So, on Maundy Thursday evening this past year, we tried to clear up many misconceptions. We met early to attend the traditional Maundy Thursday communion service. Afterwards, we met in our educational facility for a Seder celebration and feast. We spent three hours around the table interpreting the Old Testament scriptures, the Hebrew traditions, and the special significance of the Seder. It proved a fine experience! By the way, check with your local Young Men's Hebrew Association (YMHA) for materials giving background, special foods to prepare, the prayers, songs and other special features of the Seder. These pamphlets are usually available for a small fee, or for free.*

—Marge Clark,  
Artesia, N.M.



## 110

What does a smile do for you? Is it big and flashy, like a diamond? Is it expensive and beautiful, like china? What can one little smile do for you? To me, a smile is one of God's greatest creations. Not only is it a boost to your spirits, but it is also a sign that someone cares about you. When you're feeling low, a smile can really help you up. It may seem sometimes that no one at all likes you. When someone smiles at you, you get a feeling that maybe the world isn't such a bad place. Try it! If you see someone who looks depressed or lonely, smile. A smile brings people closer together. You'll get an overall good feeling from a smile, one of the most valuable things in the world.

—Vicki Slagle,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

# FEIFFER

I DON'T BE-  
LIEVE IN  
GOD.



I BELIEVE  
IN AL.



BECAUSE I  
LOVE HIM.



AND PLAY  
AROUND.



AND BREAK  
MY HEART.



AND LEAVE  
ME.





AND HE'LL  
MARRY ME.



AND GIVE ME  
A HOME.



AND GIVE ME  
CHILDREN.



AND MAKE ME  
WANT TO DIE.



AFTER  
AL -



THERE'LL BE  
YEARS LEFT  
FOR GOD.





**BY EILEEN STUKANE**  
**PHOTOS BY**  
**CHARLES D. DRUSS**

The Stratton Mountain Ski Patrol is always watching. Along the 60 miles of trails on Stratton Mountain in Vermont, patrolmen seek out the lost and the injured. Skiers have come to rely upon these safety patrols, familiar sights at commercial ski areas. However, Stratton, a member of the National Ski Patrol,

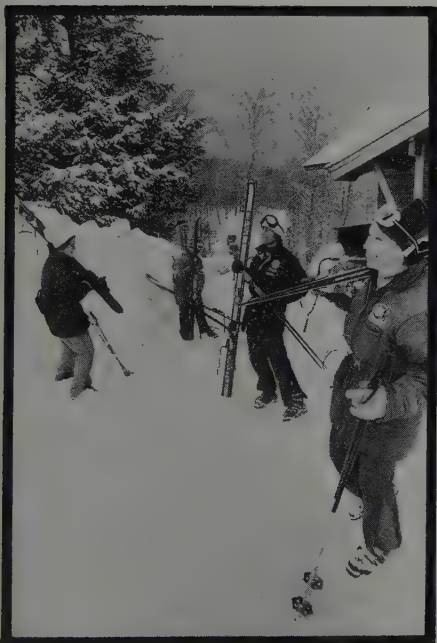
is exceptional, because here, teens share lifesaving responsibilities with adults. Nine years ago, 40-year-old New Englander, Casey Rowley, director of the Stratton Mountain Ski Patrol, made the innovative decision to let able youth participate.

Of the 165 volunteer patrolmen today, there are 22, between 15 and 18 years old, who form the Junior Ski Patrol. Often, at other mountains, junior patrol members are allowed only the lighter tasks, such as relaying messages or delivering first aid equipment for the seniors. But at Stratton, the seven girls and 15 boys wearing the recognizable, navy

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Eileen Stukane writes frequently for YOUTH magazine. Charles D. Druss is a free-lance photographer from Larchmont, N. Y.

# Teen Skiers to the Rescue



Members of the Junior Patrol get ready to go on duty at Stratton Mountain in Vermont.

blue, insigniaed, parkas are ready for any emergency.

Although most nonskiers consider the sport to be the surest way on earth to a broken leg, Director Rowley says that broken legs account for only a small percentage of the injuries. The majority of accidents, which occur mainly on the beginner slopes, result in sprained, *not fractured*, legs and knees. Considering the thousands of skiers who come to Stratton, Vermont, it is amazing that the estimated number of accidents per season (from Thanksgiving until about April 30th) is a trifling 500. The daily sale of lift tickets fre-





Playing chess while on call at the summit station are Parker Antin (left) and Betsy Tyson (right).

quently reaches the mountain's 3500 limit, and every weekend, an average of 6000 enthusiasts speckle the snow-covered slopes.

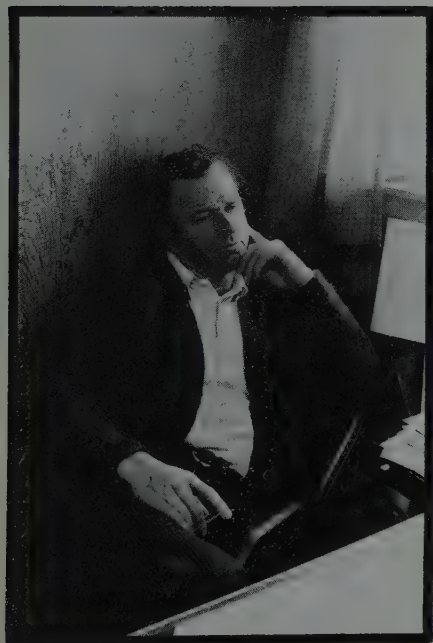
Still, there are serious injuries to contend with, and in the 12 years that the area has been open, the ski patrol has had to face several life-threatening situations. So, a teenager on patrol has to be more than just a good skier. In fact, before a person can think of trying out, he or she must have an American Red Cross, advanced level, first aid card, which certifies previous training, probably through a scouting group, a local YMCA-YWCA, or a chapter of the

Red Cross itself. Last year, over 70 high school youth from Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, and Vermont applied for places on the Junior Patrol, but just ten were accepted.

"Only the cream of the crop gets on the Stratton Junior Ski Patrol," ventures Bud Doble, the engaging 46-year-old advisor of the group, "Their level of emergency medical training, and their ability to handle the injured people are major things. This isn't Band-Aids and kid stuff." A total of 37 senior and junior members have undergone an 81-hour, in-hospital training course to

become Emergency Medical Technicians. Taught by doctors at local hospitals in New England, the nationwide EMT program is intended to give medical and first aid education to people involved in rescue

**"Only the cream of the crop gets on the Stratton Junior Ski Patrol. Their level of emergency medical training is high. This isn't Band-Aid and kid stuff."**



**Ski Patrol Director Casey Rowley has much confidence in his Junior Ski Patrol's capabilities.**

work. Five of the junior patrolers with EMT badges serve an Explorer Post ambulance squad in Darien, Connecticut, and they bring their emergency health care knowledge with them. Now, all of the ski patrolmen at Stratton are being encouraged to take the EMT course.

First aid ability and patient-care attitudes are of prime importance to a senior patrolman who judges a candidate. As Bud Doble says, "The name of the game is not to be able to cut the lines, and get in a lot of skiing. It's a big responsibility. You're dispatched off the top of the mountain, and if you run across an accident, you're on your own in handling it. My criteria when I'm training the new candidates is: Would I want them to bring *me* down off the top of that mountain? Do I want *my* child in their toboggan?" Accident victims are brought to the base in a specially-designed toboggan that is guided by a patrolman at each end. "Handling a toboggan is crucial. A person is injured, tied in it, and there are some pretty rough trails up there. So you have to know what you're doing."

But before a candidate patrolman can even begin working with a senior, Stratton has a 30-hour training course of its own for him or her to complete. As outlined by Casey Rowley, "We simulate: someone falling down stairs in the base lodge, people injured on our roads or parking lots, on the liftlines. We touch on everything that we feel might



**Parker Antin (left) rides the ski lift to the summit station from which all patrols are dispatched.**

happen when someone is here. We're prepared to take care of anything on the mountain, from trails to lifts."

Stratton's own emergency clinic and ambulance are two years old, and a rotating retinue of orthopedic surgeons volunteer their services. Saving the time that it would take to bring a patient to the hospital, the doctors and a staff nurse X-ray and set broken bones on the premises. Patrolmen are assigned to daily posts at the clinic, in the base lodge, on the summit patrol station, and at two lower stations on the mountain. A dispatcher at the patrol's moun-

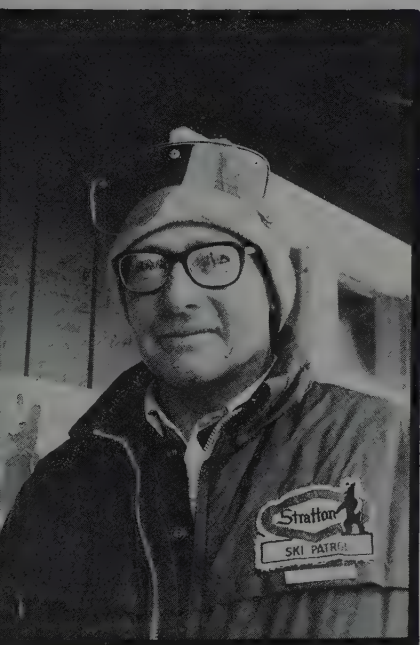
taintop hut keeps a log of those who are on duty, and from Stratton's 18 paid professionals and 165 volunteers, a scheduling of 50 patrolmen per day comb the trees and trails of the once solitary mountain.

The winter air is a crisp 25 degrees one early Saturday morning, as Betsy Tyson, 17, from Darien, Connecticut, skis past the silent, glistening trees in the powder of last night's snowfall. At 8 a.m. the lifts will open, but it is only 7:30. Fair-haired Betsy likes the "milk run" before the crowds appear. She must check in at the summit station, so there's no time for contemplating



nature then. So many new people have been drawn to the sport, that ski trails have become obstacle courses of men, women, and children seeking enjoyment under chilly skies. But for Betsy, who has skied since she was five years old, there is no one to think about on the empty morning slope.

**"Most accidents occur on beginner slopes and result in sprained, not fractured legs and knees."**



**Bud Doble is advisor of Stratton's Unique Junior Ski Patrol.**

So far, the only females on Stratton's Ski Patrol are the seven girl juniors. I received a few smiles and "you must be one of those women's libbers" comments from patrolmen when I asked why there were no women on the senior patrol. Casey Rowley explained, "Now that we have the first crop of girls who have worked their way up on the patrol since they were 15, we're wondering whether they might not qualify for the senior patrol. It's been a problem of strength. Seniors have to be able to handle situations by themselves, and girls are not as strong as guys." However, Director Rowley previously had emphasized that a junior patrolman could handle an accident as well as any senior patrolman, and when patrolling the slopes, members work in pairs.

Anyway, on this Saturday, Betsy begins her morning patrol with a senior. Since no accidents have been reported, the patrolling pair begin winding their way from the summit, down an assigned trail. On the way, they stop at a lower station, where a call from the dispatcher says that an accident has occurred nearby. The two ski a toboggan, equipped with blankets and splints, to the site. It's ironic, but even with a toboggan, they travel faster than skiers who have nothing but themselves and the incline to worry about.

A 15-year-old girl is sprawled on the edge of a trail, her poles several yards away, and one ski dangling from her foot. She is more upset

than injured, although her twisted ankle is probably sprained. Betsy and her partner are joined by Parker Antin, 17, the elected leader of the Junior Ski Patrol. Together, they comfort and calm the frightened girl, and promise her a super toboggan ride to the clinic. A passing patrolman takes charge of transporting the victim's skis and poles to the base, as the girl is carefully belted into the canoe-like toboggan.

Looking with intense eyes, Parker dispels some ideas when he tells me, "Most people think that you have to be fast when you reach an accident, but it's just the opposite. For the majority of injuries, speed is one thing you don't need. If a backboard is used, it sometimes takes 45 minutes to get someone properly secured. So care is really what's important." Parker's interest in helping others is something that he plans to make into a lifetime career when he enters college to study medicine. He does not get rattled by the different wounds he encounters while on patrol, although the recent sight of a man's foot turned 180 degrees in the wrong direction, was not very pleasant. What did he do? "Splinted it in position," says Parker, "and brought the man down."

At about 3:15 in the afternoon, the end of a skiing day, everyone on patrol meets at the summit station for the sweep. Every trail is covered so thoroughly, that it is said to be "swept" by the patrol. Two people stay behind in the station, should a

toboggan or medical supplies be needed at an accident, but all others have trails to scout. Woods, offside of trails, everything will be checked. Actual, painted checkpoints are marked on trees along the routes, where patrolmen can get their best overall views of different areas. The thought of someone left on the mountain after closing time is horrifying. As Casey Rowley puts it, "What would happen if we just shut off the lifts and didn't go up there? Some poor soul could have been skiing down, become injured, and with the freezing temperatures up there, a person could be in real trouble. We quite often, when we close down the mountain, have found people who were injured, and if we weren't there to take care of them, they would have had nobody."

For safety's sake, Casey advocates better educational programs for skiers. Accidents could be prevented, he says, if beginning skiers would:

- Choose the equipment that was best suited to their ability.
- Have their bindings checked for proper release.
- Learn the types of trails they should ski on, and not over extend themselves.
- Learn the safety rules of the slopes.

"Skiing is an exhausting sport," he admits, "but by knowing some of these things, people would enjoy it more, and would make our job easier."

**"To handle a canoe-type toboggan carrying an injured person on rough trails, you have to know what you're doing."**



**Junior Patrol members show their skill by taking an injured skier down the slopes in a toboggan**



### Noticeable

Since I work at the U.S. Post Office, I couldn't help but notice your recent "all Indian" issue of November 1973. Since also I am part Indian, I would like very much some copies of your magazine for myself and for friends.

—M. R., Independence, Mo.

### A Study Helper

YOUTH magazine is one of my favorite magazines. The young people in our Pilgrim Fellowship enjoy the magazine as well. My copy circulates around the parish to persons who do not have a subscription. We've been able to use your articles in our church school, in our adult study groups, in the youth program, and have found sermon ideas and examples in several issues. A great magazine! You can expect more subscriptions from us in the future.

—J.C., Framingham, Mass.

### Win a Few, Lose a Few

There is just not great enough response from our young people to warrant having YOUTH. Although the youth of this church do not find your magazine to be worthwhile, I myself, really get a lot out of it. The magazine has much to offer and I really have received much from it.

—B. A., Elgin, Ill.

### Pass It On

I have been familiar with your publication for two years now, and consider it just about the best young people's magazine around. I have been constantly impressed—delighted, even—with YOUTH. It is hip without being flimsy. It is supportive of its readers' persons' biblically mandated ("love your neighbor as yourself") self-regard, but does so without catering to youthful egotism. The graphics stimulate but do not overwhelm. Like two-way radio, YOUTH is very much a participatory experience, and **that**, in these days of near-fascism in government, industry, and the mass media, is refreshing and perhaps even salvific. Keep up the excellent work.

—S.H., Redlands, Calif.

### A Good Approach

Thanks for writing, editing, and printing this fantastic magazine. It shows much life and has a good approach to God. I also very much enjoy Doug Brunner's transparencies..

—G. M., Keota, Iowa

# TOUCH &

### Setting an Example

I recently looked at the YOUTH magazine in our church for the month of September (1973) and I couldn't believe this was a magazine for the young people of our Church. A snarling president on the front with Jack Anderson inside depicted as a saint. Now I believe in our youth being informed, but there are millions of magazines in the secular world to do this for them. I thought this was supposed to be a magazine representing our Church. This to me is not Christianity; it is a political judgment for **one side**. In case you haven't heard, our saintly Jack Anderson has made the judgment of comparing President Nixon with Adolph Hitler. So this is a man you are idealizing to our youth. How sad.

—B.P., Dayton, Ohio

### How Sweet It Is!

The longer I am back home, the stronger I sense how "American" the articles in your magazine are. Take the September 1973 issue, for example. I was really surprised by the whole "religious" bla-bla, mostly felt in the article on Jackie Stewart, the Grand Prix racer. I could not help feeling how "sweet" religion can be in the States. Then it really becomes for me "flag - religion - apple pie - and - motherhood." It gave me a consuming, unrealistic, unauthentic picture of what life and reality are all about. It was "glamour." It was less so in other articles, but life was still artificial sugar. By the way, the interview with Jack Anderson and the Watergate cartoons were okay.

—G.G., Leuven, Belgium

### Not Just for Churches

We have received a gift subscription to YOUTH magazine from a church group. We will place each copy of the magazine in one of our departments for the teenagers who are a part of our program. We certainly appreciate being able to distribute to them such a fine publication of our church.

—Children's and Maternity Homes,  
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

### In Good Hands

YOUTH magazine has remained a fantastic and informative magazine throughout the years that I've come in contact with it. And now that I may be leaving my position with our church youth group soon, I've decided to leave the youth group in YOUTH magazine's competent hands, along with another teacher, of course. Therefore, I wish to make a gift of three subscriptions to my local church.

—M.W., Jacksonville, Fla.

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Photo on pages 32 and 33 by Jean-Claude Lejeune

# GO



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